How Mischa snagged her own Scruffy Dog-Man

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/50981740.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Mischa Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter & Mischa Lecter, Will Graham & Mischa Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Hannibal Lecter, Mischa Lecter, Alana Bloom, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Winston (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Mischa Lecter Lives, POV Will Graham, Autistic Will Graham, Pre-Canon, Pre-Season/Series 01, Hannibal Lecter is Not a Cannibal, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Protective Siblings, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Canon Compliant, Healthy Relationships, Will Graham is a Mess, Will Graham is So Done, Attempt at Humor, Hannibal's Plaid Suits and Paisley Ties, Hannibal Lecter is a Cat Person, Past Torture, Timeline What Timeline, Stimming, Class Differences
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-20 Words: 2,374 Chapters: 2/?

How Mischa snagged her own Scruffy Dog-Man

by JanessaWolfSoul

Summary

What if instead of Hannibal falling in love with our favorite scruffy American dog-lover, it's his sister, Mischa??

What if Mischa survived that night during that brutal Lithuanian winter and Hannibal didn't become a cannibal??

What if Will actually had someone who had put him first?? Who did what they could to care for him and made sure no one took advantage of him and his gifts??

What if Will is wiser to Hannibal's machinations much sooner??

Hopefully, this story addresses all of this and more.

Notes

Hello. Welcome to my corner of AO3.

Okay, so, since you all were receptive to my previous Hannibal fanfic, I decided to make another one.

The reason for this fanfic is this:

Why the fuck is there a lack of Will pairings besides the obvious one with Hannibal??

Like seriously, why is there not more?? There are a LOT of pairing variety for Hannibal, but hardly any for Will.

Why??

To fix this, so to speak, I decided to do something different. As per my usual. Because I'm me XD.

This fanfic will be featuring a Will/Mischa pairing. Meaning that Mischa is alive in this fanfic and Hannibal hasn't turned to cannibalism. However, that does not mean that he hasn't been affected by what had happened or that he hasn't killed in his free time either.

The "face claim/protrayal" that I have chosen for Mischa is the Russian plus-sized model, Svetlana Kashirova. Because she's gorgeous. Also, because her and Mads Mikkelsen have

incredibly similar facial features that they could very well be siblings or at the very least closely related. Which works out well for me since Mischa and Hannibal are obviously siblings.

I have added a picture of what she looks like at the very end of the chapter. Hopefully, it'll show up and the link hasn't been corrupted. If it doesn't show up, then I apologize and will try to fix it ASAP.

Thank you all for taking the time to read this fanfic :D! I hope you all enjoy :).

Chapter 1

Hannibal & Mischa (Dinner Party)

Mischa was young when the bad men came.

Very young. Hannibal tells her she had been no more than three when it happened. A mere toddler who had an elder brother who would do anything to keep them from dying of the cold and starvation that harsh Lithuanian winter. Even feeding each other their own flesh.

Such a revelation still sickens her stomach to this day.

In all honesty, she is thankful it didn't come to that. As much as she adored and remained loyal to her brother, even she drew the line at cannibalism that was practiced for hedonistic recreation rather than the most desperate measures of survival.

But whatever happened that fateful winter, it irreparably changed Hannibal psychologically and, to some extent, emotionally.

Mischa had helped him whenever she could but even she didn't escape such a traumatizing event unscathed. She still bore the scars where the bad men had attempted to butcher her open similar to a pig to slaughter. She may have been a toddler, but even such an event isn't exempt from her nightmarish dreams.

Hannibal, half-starved, knocking on Death's very door, saved her that night. Took father's best cleaver and butchered the bad men instead to break the chains they had on them.

If she hadn't survived … Mischa knew for a fact that would have been the tipping point into what would have sent Hannibal into becoming a cannibal.

As they both sat down, hosting a dinner party for Hannibal's colleagues, Mischa is glad that they would be served lamb rather than a … mystery meat of sorts.

"You have a beautiful home." Came the feminine voice of one Alana Bloom.

Mischa didn't know what to think or feel about this newly minted doctor of psychiatry. She knew that Hannibal had been Alana's mentor during his tenure at John Hopkin's. But beyond that, she knew nothing nor cared to know anything about her.

"Thank you, Dr. Bloom." Mischa took a small sip of her wine as she regarded the much more petite woman with distant green eyes. In instances such as these, Hannibal is the one who socialized while she observed. "It was a joint effort. Though I must say that Mischa has an excellent eye for details."

“Not as well as yours’, brother dear.” Came the soft yet similarly mysteriously accented voice in reply as she shared a gentle smile with her elder brother. The bond between them as strong as ever and evidently obviously enough for those around them to witness. “I merely chose the art and color palette’s that suit us both.”

“As I said,” The warm affection in Hannibal’s deep, husky voice is soothing in it’s timbre. “An excellent eye for details.”

Mischa gave what would been her version of a Mona Lisa smile in response to her brother’s compliment. However, he noticed the genuine love for what it is and reveled in it like a heavily marinated steak.

Dinner passed by without a hitch beyond the obligatory polite niceties that were expected with hosting such esteemed quests. Yet Mischa found herself growing tired from all the socializing and forced prolonged eye contact. Which Hannibal noticed as he always did.

“The night has grown quite late.” He said phrasing it as if stating an observation yet the unspoken “Get the fuck out of my house” is felt by those in attendance.

“Yes, it has, hasn’t it?” Mischa shivered at the voice of Dr. Chilton feeling unbearably uneasy about the man in general. The calculative, greedy glances he sent her all night made it all the more unpleasantly revolting.

Hannibal sent an incredibly restrained glance of cold, thunderous fury towards the man once he first noticed it.

Mischa rubbed her hands palm-to-dorsal with fingers nearly scrubbing the webbing in between the ones below. Her mask slowly but surely slipping away due to her mental and emotional exhaustion. A mask that fell away in an infinite number of pieces once they were all gone.

“I understand that it is rude to decline to host friends for dinner, but do we have to do so?” Was what she asked in a near pleading mumble as her feet guided her to the sofa.

Hannibal would be an absolute fool to not notice how much of a toll it is to host such elaborate parties as often as they did. Perhaps, he is overdoing it. Just a bit.

“I’m sorry darling.” Was all he said before giving his sister, 13 years his junior, an embrace of his own.

Hannibal can still remember how difficult it had been for Mischa once they had relocated to the relative safety of their uncle’s residence in France. The trauma of that night, the scars that were left behind, as the teasing she endured once puberty had begun.

Due to their joint Italian and Eastern European heritage, both of them grew up to be tall, robust individuals that stood out among the slenderer French population. Mischa had the added double-edged bonus of having the voluptuous curvature that reflected that as well. Her body matured before it’s time while her mind and emotional state struggled to both reconcile and keep pace with it. It took many, many years before she could even partway accept it.

Even now at 28, Mischa is an incredibly beautiful woman with chocolate brown hair, aristocratic Lithuanian features, a vibrant green ring in antique gold with a figure worthy of many Renaissance paintings.

Despite all of this, he is proud of and *adored* the woman she has become and will continue to be. After all, as her elder brother, it is his solemn duty to ensure her happiness in whatever ways he would and can accomplish in completing.

Svetlana Kashirova as Mischa Lecter

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

So. How do y'all like it so far??

Not my usual writing style or repertoire, but I felt like I needed to change it up a bit.

If by any point in this fanfic, that something doesn't feel right or needs to be addressed, please do not hesitate to do so! Especially, with keeping everyone in character XD ':).

I'm currently working on a team project for my English class regarding writing out a possible plot for a video game. Funnily enough, my group was assigned to do a Horror/Sci-Fi/RPG game and I suggested we did it about cannibalism and Wendigos XD. Inspired by the Hannibal TV Show, Fallout 4, and the Last of Us, of course.

Before I start rambling about it, and get WAY off topic, Will is introduced in this chapter as well as Mischa's reaction to our beloved scruffy dog-lover :D!

Hope you all enjoy reading this!

Will & Mischa (How they met and the boy's thoughts on it)

Hannibal didn't know what to make of Will Graham. Not truly.

The scruffy-looking gentleman is quite handsome, that Hannibal will freely admit to. However, this is the man that Mischa had set her eyes on, and Hannibal has to find out just what attracted his sweet sister to this scruffy American in the first place.

Her explanation of, "He has dogs, Hanni!" and "His eyes are kind and gentle, but lonely. So, lonely." is not exactly enough to convince Hannibal entirely.

Mischa had ran out of her beloved mint dark chocolate ice cream and was craving it. While he had been at work, she had gone to gather the necessary ingredients from the grocery store to make it at home from scratch.

Admittedly, Mischa is far more frugal with her spending than he is, but there are some things that she refuses to negotiate prices on. Her mint dark chocolate ice cream being one of them.

From what she had told him, Will Graham had been there as well to buy food for his dogs. "He makes their food from scratch Hannibal! None of the disgustingly processed kibble others buy!"

Mischa was having a hard time reaching the bag of chocolate she needed when a large hand came into view and grabbed it for her. “Oh! Thank you, good sir.”

As she turned to face the mystery man, she was struck by how … handsome he is. There is no hiding the riot of curls on his head or the stubble on his chiseled jaw, giving him a scruffy appearance, but his beauty is only enhanced by it rather than degraded it.

A pair of … blue-green??? … eyes hidden behind a pair of glasses widened as a blush appeared on his cheeks. Her own green eyes locked with his for a moment before they flickered away while he cleared his throat.

“Uh, yea, no problem.” Came the soft-spoken awkward mumble as he gently handed the bag of chocolates to her.

Completely, and utterly charmed, Mischa gave him a rare wide, genuine smile. Noticing the ingredients in his own cart. “Are you hosting a … as American’s say … a barbecue?”

The word felt and sounded completely foreign coming from her mouth made more so by her native Lithuanian accent. A low, husky chuckle escaped the surprised man’s mouth as he shook his head.

“No. No, it’s for, uh, my dogs actually.” A sheepish smile tugged at his lips as he nodded to her filled cart. “I assume that’s for making homemade ice cream?”

“Oh, yes! I’ve been craving it and my *brolis* isn’t home to make me some.” At his confused expression despite the ghostly smile, she gave an elaboration. “Apologies. I meant my brother. He’s much better at navigating a kitchen than I am, but I’d like to think I learned some things. Oh! Apologies for being so rude, I’m Mischa Lecter.”

Will watched the obviously foreign woman feeling quite enthralled by her exotically soft, warm voice and hard-to-place accent. There’s no denying that she is beautiful. Very beautiful. Will blushed again. *“Definitely more so than Alana. Even if she is quite pretty too.”*

Her powerful emotions seem to block out everything else yet are so calm and controlled that it isn’t overwhelming. Will felt as if he is being slathered in a soothing, gentling, balm just by being next to her and it felt so good that he could weep.

“Will. Um, Will Graham.” He was rewarded another beaming smile as if just the mere mention of his name made her day. It … it definitely felt strange. Really strange, yet good. Really good that he did something so simple to make someone happy. Even for a little while.

“Nice to meet you, Will.” The way she said his name sent his heart racing faster and he started to fiddle with his glasses as a means of distracting himself. It didn’t work.

“How many dogs do you have? I’ve always wanted one, but my brother is more of a cat person.” Her nose seemed to scrunch up at the mere mention of a cat making him winch out of sympathy and amusement.

“I have six dogs.” A sense of fondness washed over at the thought of his little pack back home in Wolf Trap. Which is clearly visible if the reciprocating gentle smile Mischa gave him was any indication. Which brought a whole slew of emotions he will analyze later in the safety of his home.

“But no cats. Cats are complete menaces.” He made it seem like he was cleaning his glasses just so his hands and eyes were preoccupied. “Easy to take care of at first glance, but frankly I’m not fond of cleaning up after them. Especially, their litter boxes. They always leave a big mess.”

“Exactly! I keep telling my brother how unhygienic and high maintenance cats are, but he refuses to listen to reason!” The fond exasperated huff she let out said more about what she thought about her brother’s stance on cats.

Hannibal had been – and still is – frankly unamused by his sister’s assessment over what he considers the wonderfully elegant beauty and cuteness that is cats. That is one of the things they could never quite agree on.

“If I can’t have a dog, then you can’t have a cat either!” Had been what then 10-year-old Mischa had declared and refused to budge on it no matter the pleas and arguments he gave her.

Him. A grown man pleading with his little sister to own a cat. Oh, the horror.

And now she has found a man that caught her interest for the first time in her life – that he is aware of – whom has dogs. He shudders just at the thought.

Will flickered his eyes over the man as he took a seat next to him. This can’t be the same brother that Mischa mentioned. Plaid three-piece suit and a paisley-patterned tie? And Will thought his tweed suit jackets, flannel shirts, and dark-washed jeans were bad. Yet somehow, Mischa hadn’t minded one bit when he had taken them to a local diner for their first date wearing his work clothes after a day of teaching.

To be frank, they got many odd looks. Whether it was the fact that he was wearing his work clothes, and she was wearing a high-end calf length dress in a dark plum color or something else entirely, he didn’t know for sure. Not without going full throttle with his empathy. Which he will ***not*** do in any public setting that didn’t involve a classroom or being out at a crime scene.

However, in the couple of months since Will had gathered the courage to ask Mischa out for coffee and later dinner at that diner (it took him a *week* to do so), he figured out quite a few things that had people looking at them the way they did.

First: Will is obviously a working middle-classed man. Or he has been since he started teaching at the FBI Academy in Quantico. Mischa is obviously a woman of Baltimore’s elite social circle and came from a family that has a ***lot*** of money to their name.

Second: Mischa is a foreigner. It is obvious in her accented voice, mannerisms, and outward appearance. Quite a few times they had mistaken her for being Russian or even Ukrainian. To hear that she is Lithuanian garnered a lot of surprise, shock, and questions that neither one of them were willing nor comfortable enough to give out answers to complete strangers. Especially, Mischa.

Third: Will is more than aware that Mischa does not fit your typical American Beauty stereotype. Tall, blonde bombshell with a modestly curvy, athletic body. The type of body heavily favored by models, supermodels, and *Baywatch* fans. Mischa is a dark, earthly beauty with well-endowed voluptuous curves with the bodily frame to support and unify it all together.

To see a man like *him* out in public openly dating - “Courting, my beloved Will! Dating sounds so juvenile” - a woman like *her*, well Will is far more surprised that she accepted his offer and chose to *stay* with him in spite of it all than anything else.

He didn’t need a pretentious elder brother – who is a psychiatrist – to eye him like a hawk going in for the kill to know that he, in no way, deserves to stand next to a woman like Mischa.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!